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Young, A.

Young, A.

Bd. Oct. 1904



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GIFT OF

John H. Morison, D.D.
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Memorial
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Commemorative Discourses

ON THE DEATH

REV. ALEXANDER YOUNG, D.D.

BY

Stated
REV. EZRA S. GANNETT, D.D.

AND

REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS.

—
NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 1880.





Alex. Young

A

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A
DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

MEETINGHOUSE ON CHURCH GREEN, BOSTON,

ON MONDAY, MARCH 20, 1854,

AT THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE

REV. ALEXANDER YOUNG, D.D.

PASTOR OF THE NEW SOUTH CHURCH,

BY EZRA S. GANNETT,

MINISTER OF THE FEDERAL-STREET SOCIETY.

Published by Request.

BOSTON:
CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY.
1854.

9 April, 1892.

The Gift of
JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

BOSTON:

PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON,
22, SCHOOL STREET.

DISCOURSE.

Matthew, xxv. 23: "WELL DONE, GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT."

BEFORE us is the lifeless form of one, who for nearly thirty years has ministered at this altar. Around us are the associations with which his services have hung these walls. Abroad is the world through which he moved while in life. Above us are the skies into which our faith teaches us he has been received. Every thing speaks to us of him. To his memory belongs the hour. Let us give it to a recollection of his character and labor.

He has been taken from us in the fulness of his strength, at the maturity of his manhood. A little more than half a century has passed since his birth, which took place on the 22d of September, 1800. He was born in the city in which he died. Here he began his life, and here he spent his days. Educated at that institution, which, while it offers its advantages to the child of the poorest citizen, is surpassed in the character of its influence over the young mind,

and in the preparation it gives for a collegiate course, by none of the more select schools of the country, perhaps we might say of the world, — instructed by one whose name is identified with the elevation of that institution to its present rank, and who at a later period listened with respect as well as love to the spiritual teachings of his former pupil, — Alexander Young became a member of Harvard College almost at the moment of entering on his sixteenth year. There he remained through the usual term of an under-graduate's connection with the University, a diligent student and exemplary youth ; esteemed by his classmates for his honorable qualities and pleasant dispositions, and regarded by the officers, who marked his progress, with strong approbation. He especially distinguished himself at Cambridge by the classical tastes which he never lost ; and at his graduation gave proof, in the Latin address which he delivered, of the care with which he had pursued the study of the old Roman tongue. On completing his academical course, the attractions of his home conspired with his attachment to the teacher who had first led him into the paths of elegant literature, and with his own fondness for such pursuits, to incline him to become an assistant in the school in which he had received his early discipline. It was not his intention, however, to remain here long ; and, having fulfilled his engagement, he returned to Cambridge, and entered the Divinity School, then under the care of the late

Professor Norton, a man whose name cannot be spoken by any one of his pupils without mingled admiration and gratitude. In the autumn of 1824, Mr. Young finished his preparatory theological studies, and, immediately beginning to preach, was, on the 19th of January, 1825, ordained as pastor of this church, then needing a minister in consequence of the illness and resignation of the late Dr. Greenwood.

It was a situation which only an able and sincere man could fill, but which invited such a one to its labors. The pulpit of the New South Church had been occupied by talent and piety from its earliest date. Its latest incumbents had carried the standard of preaching to a height below which it was dangerous for any one to fall, yet which but few could reach. The accomplished Kirkland, — the Christian scholar, the elegant writer, the well-read divine, in whom dignity never lost its grace, and sweetness never became insipid, — was still living. Thacher had passed away, leaving a precious memory. Greenwood had stayed just long enough to be prized and loved. It was no slight undertaking to fill a place which such men had held. The congregation which they had gathered or strengthened included many of the most intelligent and prominent members of this community; — professional men of high and well-deserved reputation; merchants who had not allowed the cares of business to prevent the culture of liberal tastes; honorable and excellent women; families of whom

Boston had for generations been proud. Our friend came among them; and how he met their wants and satisfied their expectations is shown in the number of those over whom, before his own death, he had pronounced the words of the funeral prayer or the pulpit eulogy, and of those who, after a lapse of twenty-nine years, still remain worshippers at this altar. In the course of so many years, the life-time of a generation, changes take place that materially affect the condition of a religious society. Households are broken up by death; whole families leave the city; new voices entice the young away from sounds familiar to their childhood's ear; personal attachment and local convenience occasion a removal from the old place of worship; novel opinions catch curious auditors, and fickle tastes precipitate unwise decisions. And so it comes to pass, that, while the minister changes only through the natural progress of a ripening mind and growing character, the audience which he once addressed is no longer before him. There are trials of heart and hope in such an altered aspect of things; and he who bears these trials with a manly fortitude and a Christian gentleness is entitled to an admiration that will not be less sincere, because it may not be loud in its praises.

The incidents of a quiet ministry in one congregation for more than a quarter of a century must be many; but they are written on the tablets of the heart, rather than in volumes open to the public eye.



How many within that time were followed to the grave with affectionate remembrances and sacred griefs! Into how many scenes of suffering did the faithful minister introduce the consolations of faith and the offices of devotion! In how many joys did he participate, with how many hopes did he sympathize! Of how many spiritual conflicts was he the witness; how many emotions of penitence did he quicken; how many struggles and fears and defeats of the soul were confessed to him; how many holy aspirations and humble efforts sought encouragement from him; how many souls did he lead to the great Shepherd; how many that were ready to perish was he the instrument, in God's hand, of turning from death unto life! "The annals of the parish" may find no place on the historian's page; but they are recorded in the registers of mortality on earth, and in the Lamb's book of life on high.

Our friend did not mark the progress of time only by the changes which he observed around him. He felt them in his own home. Not long after entering on his ministerial duties, he formed a connection of a still more intimate kind, which he was permitted to enjoy through the rest of his years, and from which he derived an influence not less valuable than delightful. Children were born to him, and he rejoiced in their young lives. He was called to give them back to Him from whom they came. Four times did he stand by the grave which received the lifeless forms that

were dear to him. But he never complained. How could he? He believed in God the Father, and in him who took little children in his arms and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." His own health at one time began to decline. An affection of the chest rendered it necessary for him to suspend his labors, and he spent six months in foreign travel. After his return, though not possessing that robustness of health which his appearance might have suggested to a casual observer, he was never laid on a sick bed till the illness whose fatal termination has drawn us here to-day. The result of that illness was not apprehended at its commencement; nor, when it assumed a more serious aspect, was he probably aware of the anxiety that was felt by others. It was marked by hours of suffering, but there were long intervals of relief; and the last breath — who may tell, but she who watched the beating of that fond heart, how softly it was drawn; like an infant's sleep; even

"As fades a summer cloud away,
As gently shuts the eye of day."

The struggle, — not of the last hour, for it had none, but of life, which is always a struggle with those who would win the crown, — was over. Life sank into the arms of death, and death laid down its trust at the feet of victory. Brother, farewell! Thou wast pleasant to us, as we dwelt beside one another; and dear will thy memory be till remem-

brance shall be changed into vision. For nigh forty years we walked together, in the retreats of study and in the ways of men, through the season of youthful hope and the days of hard experience; but no word ever dropped from thy lips that we recall with displeasure, no rough mistake ever disturbed our mutual confidence. Farewell! Another tie that bound us to earth is broken; but thou hast burst every bond, and art free in the glorious liberty of the sons of God. Thou hadst much to keep thee here, but there was more to invite thee thither. Our loss is thy gain. Brother, farewell for a little while!

It would not be difficult to trace the features of the character that was illustrated in the life of which we have sketched the history. They were seen of all men, for there was no dishonesty in our friend; and yet a natural reserve concealed many of his feelings from general observation. If injustice was ever done him, it was by those who failed to impute to him warm affections and tender sensibilities. He wore an equanimity of manner that might suggest the thought of a colder temperament than belonged to him. He hid emotion beneath that exterior calmness; and when he suffered even keenly, the world, perhaps his friends, knew it not; he buried his social griefs in his own bosom. He had a tender and a loving heart; and it was beautiful to see how the manifestations of that heart grew more genial as he advanced in life. He

mellowed with age. His brethren in the ministry with one voice will bear witness to the cordiality of his intercourse, the sincerity of his smile, and the constancy of his presence in their friendly meetings. That presence will not be missed the less because his voice was seldom heard in the evening's discussion. The attentive ear and the varying expression of the countenance showed the interest which he felt in what was said by others.

The prominent quality of his mind, if I may so style it, was thoroughness. His strongest characteristic was faithfulness. He slighted nothing which he undertook. He performed nothing in a perfunctory manner. This carefulness ran through his whole life. It gave its tone to his ministry. Those of you, my hearers, who were accustomed to listen to his instructions from this place, know that he never neglected his preparation for the pulpit. It was "beaten oil" with which he supplied the lamps of the sanctuary. He carried a like scrupulousness of performance into the details of his ministerial service. It was noticeable in his dress, in the inflexions of his voice, in the accuracy of his whole work. It marked his style of composition. In this respect like his immediate predecessor, I suppose he has left but few manuscripts that would not bear as rigid criticism as if they had been prepared for the press. In his studies he was exact. He loved research, and he loved elegance. He pursued the cultivation of his mind by systematic

methods, and not by loose efforts. We could always rely on the information he gave, for it had been gathered up by careful comparison and close investigation.

As a preacher, Dr. Young was suited to please a select rather than a promiscuous audience. His style, clear as running water, and his thought, solid and pure, could not fail to impress on every one the conviction that his discourses were of a high order. But they were instructive rather than brilliant or fervid. They were the natural products of his own intellectual and moral life. He could not have written sermons of a different kind, and been true to himself. Barrow, rather than Jeremy Taylor, was his model. He scorned the tricks of rhetoric, while he sought the graces of a polished style. Few preachers, I presume, give to their hearers so much religious instruction of the very best kind, in any definite period of time, as was conveyed by his discourses.

His religious opinions were fixed; and he held them, as every intelligent and earnest man will hold his opinions, dear. But he was not fond of theological controversy; and dogmatism was a vice into which he never fell. He clung to the authority of the Bible as to the ark of spiritual safety. He received the narratives of the New Testament for the sure foundation on which faith in Christ as the one Mediator between God and man, the infallible Teacher and gracious Saviour, may rest, like a temple on its granite substructure. Like the great Apostle, he

“reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.” Such themes were familiar to his pen, for they dwelt in his thought.

Dr. Young’s conception of the nature and methods of the ministerial work was different from that which is entertained by some of his brethren. It reflected, again, his own personality. He had no desire for excitement, and little confidence in extraordinary arrangements. The regular services of the Lord’s day he valued, and threw his whole strength into the attempt to give them importance and effect. He discharged his pastoral duties with the same conscientious diligence and sincere earnestness with which he prosecuted every enterprise that he had chosen. If he did not labor so much as others to introduce an active force or a social element into religion, it was not because he cared little for the spiritual improvement of his people. He believed that growth in grace must be a natural, rather than a forced process; and that the history of the soul’s sanctification being as it is described by our Lord, “first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear,” gradual and consistent progress was preferable to spasmodic irregularity. If we should think that his view of the methods of religious culture would have been more correct had it been more comprehensive, we must bear in mind, or we shall be guilty of great injustice, that it was a view which he had carefully considered and deliberately accepted. Of him that can be said, and

should be said, which certainly cannot be said of all who are engaged in the discharge of sacred functions, — that he had placed before his mind a distinct conception of what he ought to do, and that it was the object of his life, his daily and continual purpose, to realize that conception. It is the high praise to which he is entitled, — over his coffin and before God will I pronounce it, and at whose bier shall higher praise be spoken? — that he assiduously endeavored to live up to his own ideal of professional excellence. That ideal doubtless was determined in some measure by his private tastes, and still more by the capacities of usefulness which he was conscious of possessing. He knew what he was capable of accomplishing, and he knew that it would be foolish for him to undertake something else. He understood himself, and in those words we concede to him a rare distinction. No man can work easily or successfully, unless he work according to the laws and affinities of his own being. “The manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to profit withal,” according to the measure of the gift and the form in which it may be used. As, in the early church, Paul and James had each his own manner of presenting the gospel, Apollos and Barnabas each his own style of discourse, Peter and John each his own style of character; so now, so always, the honest minister of Christ will carry his personal qualities into the clerical office, and maintain and exhibit them there. Why should it not

be so? The consequence will be variety, — different kinds of preaching, and different kinds of service out of the pulpit. So much the better. We shall have Fenelons and Luthers, Wesleys and Oberlins, instead of one type of excellence and one method of action. The church will be enriched, the truth will conquer more fields, and a brighter glory will encircle that name whence all draw their inspiration. The great practical question is this, — alike in our judgment of ourselves and in the judgment we pass on one another, — is the conception of duty which a man thoughtfully and humbly adopts translated by him, as far as possible, into actual life? If it be, then he is a true man, a good man, a noble man, worthy of applause and worthy of imitation. Of our friend who has gone to his reward this might be said, — ay, all this, much as it means, — with truth and emphasis.

In his fidelity to the trusts which he had assumed as a Christian teacher and pastor, Mr. Young did not overlook the claims which society had on him in other departments of labor. And here, also, following the guidance of preferences which grew out of the constitution of his mind, he chose the student's tasks rather than the missionary's toil. And, since both are needed to fulfil the purposes of Providence and Divine grace, his choice was a wise one. The pursuits of the scholar afforded him a grateful refreshment. He retained his love of classical studies, and added to it the gratification of historical and antiquarian tastes.

Into this branch of inquiry he carried the same exact perseverance which was observable in other connections. The fruits of his acquisition he gave to the public in the two volumes which have made his name known wherever American history is studied. His "Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth," published in 1841, and his "Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay," which appeared five years afterwards, furnish conclusive evidence of his laborious examination of the subject which he took in hand. Although but compilations in the text, the notes contain an amount of historical knowledge, as well as marks of critical industry and integrity, that have drawn forth commendations from every quarter. His love, not only of such employment as the preparation of these works imposed, but of the men whose efforts to plant a Christian civilization on our shores they record, beams upon us from every line. "Considering myself as engaged in erecting another monument to the memory of the Pilgrims," says he, in the earlier volume, "I have spared neither labor nor expense in endeavoring to render the work accurate and complete. If the reader shall derive from its perusal the same satisfaction which I have found in its compilation, I shall feel myself abundantly remunerated for this labor of love." "No nation or state," he remarks in his preface to the second collection, "has a nobler origin or lineage than Massachusetts. My reverence for the

character of its founders constantly rises with the closer study of their lives, and a clearer insight into their principles and motives."

The "Chronicles" were not the only results of Dr. Young's literary labor. Some years previous to their appearance, he had edited a series of volumes, under the title of "Library of the Old English Prose Writers," intended to bring before his countrymen the best remains of a period of English literature with which they had too little acquaintance. His purpose cannot be better described than in his own choice language. "While the mutilated fragments of classical antiquity are gathered up and cherished with a religious zeal," I quote the words of his introductory notice, "and are made the subjects of a constant and careful study, it seems neither creditable nor grateful, that the venerable and beautiful remains of our own ancestral literature should repose on the shelves of public libraries, deposited in cumbrous volumes, in undisturbed security. In this age of books, when everybody is sipping of the shallow and oft-times poisoned fountains of an ephemeral literature, how few are there that draw from the deep and healthful 'wells of English undefiled'! The moss has been suffered to creep over them, and hide their clear and sparkling waters from the general view. To uncover these wells, to bring out these relics from their tombs, is the design of this humble enterprise." The selections contained in this series of volumes evince the

severity of the editor's taste, as the extract which I have just read shows the gracefulness of his own style of composition.

In this passage, too, we have the indication of an element that entered deeply into his character. His love of the old, and distaste for the new, were the spontaneous verdicts of his heart. He was naturally conservative. But his conservatism had no taint of bigotry or injustice. It was not that obstinacy of the mind which will be neither enlightened nor persuaded. Of his readiness to correct or enlarge his views on sufficient reason, he gave signal proof, by espousing, in the last years of his life, principles of social and political action to which, in the judgment of many persons, his habits of mind might seem not to have disposed him. He became deeply interested in the cause of freedom, and committed himself with his whole soul to the resistance which the North was attempting to array against the encroachments and demands of slavery. Indeed, it would betray an ignorance, which ought at least to be silent, to charge upon him narrowness of mind or languor of feeling. The playfulness of remark which was so common in his conversation, as innocent as a child's gaiety, was a contradiction of such a charge. The steadfast attachment of his friends was its refutation. They delighted in him. His library contained many and costly proofs of the regard in which he was held. Gifts flowed in upon him, of which often no one but

the donor and the recipient may have known; for he bruited not abroad the estimation which he had obtained. The warmth of his own feelings of admiration and love, as well as his skill in the delineation of character, is shown in the biographical discourses which he pronounced, and which the felicity of their execution has placed among the permanent memorials of the excellent of the earth.

Modesty and seriousness were qualities in his character that deserve to be mentioned. Under that superficial hilarity to which I have alluded, or, if I may change the figure, in connection with an inexhaustible vein of cheerfulness, ran an almost solemn seriousness of thought; while, in union with the independence and decision which he always maintained, might be seen, by those who knew him well, a modesty that was only the more attractive for its quiet contentment. He made no parade of humility, after the fashion of some men. He could not do it: he was too genuine for such poor shows.

In this honesty and diligence of life he was passing his days, when the mandate came for his departure. He had just reached the summit-ground between the decline of life and its previous portions, when he was struck down, as if to give warning to us, who are following him up the hill, or have already crossed the dividing ridge. We have lost a friend; this community, a valued member and counsellor; good learning, a steadfast patron; the pulpit, a clear and forcible

preacher; the church of Christ, a faithful servant; his family, — of their bereavement we may speak only in the low tones of sympathy. He has been removed from the midst of his usefulness, when we thought he might yet accomplish much for truth and righteousness. The providence of God is dark to our view, inexplicable by our reasoning. Why was he taken, while we are left? No one can answer this question. No acquaintance with natural laws will enable us to solve the problems of human experience. Science is dumb where even revelation will not reply to our importunate demands. It is the will of God; that we believe, nay, that we know; and in that must we find our consolation. For He who is the sovereign Lord, though his ways be unsearchable, cannot do wrong. And why should we complain, why wonder, that we cannot weigh his purposes or measure his operations? The eternal Providence under which we live must be beyond our grasp, above our reach. A Providence that was within the limits of our comprehension would be finite in its aims, and faulty in its methods. It is the mystery of life that reconciles us to its experience; for in its mystery we have the proof of its dependence not only on a Will higher than our own, but on a Will whose essential attribute is perfection. Till we can understand the consciousness of the Infinite Mind, submission is our duty; nor our duty only, but our privilege also. To confide in absolute rectitude is enough. Why should we ask for more?

Yet is there more. Our Father "sitteth upon the circle of the earth," and controls the events which make up our discipline. Our Father: repeat it, ye troubled ones, ye sufferers, ye mourners! Our Father, "without whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground." What if this bereavement be meant to put our faith in him to the test? What if it be an expression of his love of us? "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction," said he of old. Perhaps he has chosen us too. Let us leave to him the time and the manner, while we take to our hearts the truth, that we are made his by a discipline which we cannot explain. God ordains disappointment for us. We cannot escape from this conclusion. He sends suffering into our homes, and lays it, sometimes we are apt to think lays it harshly, on our hearts. Death is his minister. "Thou destroyest the hope of man" is the affirmation of every disaster that takes place on earth; it comes from scenes of pain and sorrow, from the death-bed and the grave. We can neither foresee the future, nor interpret the past. There must be mysteries of Divine Providence, we repeat; for it would not be more absurd to impute to the insect, that can thread the passages of its little heap of sand, an ability to measure the orbit of the earth, than to claim for ourselves an ability to comprehend the plans of Omniscience. The finite cannot stretch itself to the dimensions of the Infinite. The creature cannot place himself in that centre of the universe from which the Creator beholds

all agencies, and defines all issues. But we can believe and trust; can, — yes, under the most painful circumstances, in the darkest hours, through surprise and storm, through dread and desolation, through life and death. We can look up to God when our eyes are full of tears; we can lean on his arm when all other support fails us. We can say, “Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight,” when no other words will pass our lips. “Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.” Ah! that is the solution of our experience; that is what lies behind the mystery, and shines through it, irradiating it with a divine glory; that blessed truth, “So it seemed good unto thee, O Father.”

Such are the thoughts that arise before our minds to sustain us in our affliction. There are other thoughts which we associate with him who has gone. “Well done, good and faithful servant.” Done is thy work, thy course on earth. The service of a mortal life is closed. The tasks of duty here are ended. A period is put to the experience with which the flesh had so intimate a connection, and over which it held so great a sway. Toils and trials, doubts and fears, pains and sorrows, secret frailties and open imperfections, they have all reached their limit. No more conflict with the world; no more temptation from appetite; no more incursion of distress; no more suffering through sympathy with other exposed and troubled ones. Done, and well done. Thou mightst not say it of

thyself; nor may man pronounce that sentence of approval on his brother, except with the qualification that belongs to all human endeavor or accomplishment. Yet we need not hesitate to repeat the word, when we remember thy simplicity of purpose, and diligent industry, and high aspiration, and consistent life, and harmonious character. "Well done, good and faithful servant." Shall we call thee good, when "there is none good but one, that is, God"? Shall we call thee good, when "there is not a just man upon earth, that sinneth not"? Shall we call thee good, who shared with us the infirmities of nature and the perils of condition? Yes; for words have a various force in the various application we make of them; and thou wast good in the sense in which we may connect that word with the heart or life of man. Good were thy dispositions, and right were thine aims. A good name hast thou left behind, and a good example for us to follow.

Faithful, too, was he of whom we speak; and the recollection of whose faithfulness will be awakened, not only in this house, so long the scene of his highest efforts for the good of his fellow-men, but in many a spot where he wrought righteousness. Faithful was he beyond most men, because he undertook that for which he was fitted, and, having created for himself a worthy ideal, ceaselessly strove to convert the vision of his hope into the result of his labor. Servant was he of Christ, whom he delighted to call Master, at whose

feet he sat in grateful faith, whose words he studied with a fond reverence, on whose cross he gazed as on the emblem of mercy and the means of salvation, and at whose open sepulchre he stood, communing with the angelic forms that said, "He is not here, he is risen." Well done, good and faithful servant! Whilst thou wast with us, we could not utter these words; for thy service was not completed. But now will we repeat them, with the full consent of our judgment, and the instant concurrence of our hearts.

But it is not our speech nor our judgment that must give value to those words. They must be spoken by another voice, from which falling, they shall sound as music from the height of heaven; and from which coming, they shall meet the ascending spirit on its way to heaven, — the voice of him in whom our friend believed as "the way, the truth, and the life," and whom, having not seen, he yet loved. When that voice shall utter its salutation, "Well done, good and faithful servant," oh what rapture shall thrill through every spiritual nerve; what joy shall overcome, and yet uplift, the heir of glory! Shall utter its salutation, do I say? Has it not been already spoken? When the spirit took its flight from earth, did it not rise at once to its reward? And while the silence that was broken only by sobs filled the chamber where death had unloosed the mortal bonds, through the celestial spaces fell on the consciousness of the freed soul the words, "Well done,

good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And angel harps caught the glad note of welcome, while the benignant countenance of the Supreme Father confirmed the sentence of him to whom has been committed all judgment. "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord:" who of us may presume to explain the force of that invitation? Enough to know, that, when its meaning is disclosed in the saint's experience, the seal is put on the approving sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

A

S E R M O N

PREACHED IN

THE CHURCH ON CHURCH GREEN, BOSTON,

ON SUNDAY, MARCH 26, 1854,

BEING THE SUNDAY AFTER THE INTERMENT OF THE

REV. ALEXANDER YOUNG, D.D.

LATE PASTOR OF THE NEW SOUTH CHURCH,

BY GEORGE E. ELLIS,

PASTOR OF HARVARD CHURCH, CHARLESTOWN.

Published by Request.

BOSTON :
CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY.

1854.



S E R M O N.

Acts xiii. 36: "AFTER HE HAD SERVED HIS OWN GENERATION, BY THE WILL OF GOD HE FELL ON SLEEP."

It must be a wise appointment, because it is the appointment of God; and he doeth all things, he appointeth all things, wisely and well. To fall on sleep after some faithful service to one's generation in life,—this does not sound harshly or sadly to our ears, when we speak it in words. Yet the words describe the close of mortal life,—that solemn and mysterious, that often dreary and uncheered event, which we call Death. Would that we could all of us learn to regard the event as calmly and as submissively as we listen to those gentle words which so sweetly describe it! But that lesson is a hard one for us to learn, so often is it taught us through pain and fear and grief. It might seem wholly vain to attempt, by any gentle imagery of language, to chase away the sadness and dismay with which we are wont to contemplate death. The associations of long ages have

gathered a burden of gloom around it. The tears which it has drawn forth have worn channels too deep to be concealed by a cheerful look. Each bereaved heart continues to add something more to that gloom; each weeping eye wears that channel of grief deeper and deeper still. We seem resolved upon increasing the sombreness of the shade which death casts over our spirits. Customs of society, and moods of our own minds, contribute to that deepening of the shadows which are cast upon our mortal lot. These gloomy draperies of mourning are tokens of that usage which time, rather than Christian sentiment, has sanctioned. The oppression which is now weighing like a dull distress upon our hearts, testifies to us that these hearts are not wholly reconciled to the will of God. Yet we must not yield to that gloom and dismay of death; for God, the wise and good and righteous God, the Giver of life, whose we are, and whom we live to serve, hath also appointed that falling asleep, after the service of life, which we call death.

We must learn more cheerful lessons even from nature, that wise though silent teacher, and often most intelligible interpreter of the will of God. We must learn, from many of her processes of decay and renewal, to chase the gloom from death. We must learn it from the falling leaves of autumn, which are always bright and glorious in their varied dyes, but never black. We must learn it from returning spring-time, when beauty bursts from ashes; when

the withèred grass grows green over the winter's graves; when the corn of wheat which falleth into the ground dies, and bringeth forth much fruit. Above all, we must learn the lesson which divests death of its gloom from the blessed Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. And, that we may do this, we must fill our hearts and minds with great Christian convictions, and pray God to make us conformed to his will. We must hear, believe, and obey those Gospel truths which take our mortal lives from the control of chance, and place them under the guardianship of God; giving them a holy end to seek and labor for, a divine law to revere, a service to perform, and a hope to lift us heavenward. And we may be sure, that, whenever this brief life of ours is so spent as to bear the description in our text, of a service of our own generation according to the will of God, that then the close of life will answer for us to that sweet and peaceful imagery, — a falling on sleep.

May we not connect this cheerful, grateful sentiment with that appointment of God which has bereaved us of an honored and beloved friend, and left this flock of Christ without a pastor, and closed the instructive lips that had so long preached the gospel from this pulpit? He has fallen asleep, we trust, in Jesus, after he had served his own generation according to the will of God.

We have been permitted to gather, with touched and tender emotions, around his wasting form as it

was about to be committed to the kindly processes of its kindred clay to be dissolved to earth again. We listened, with our own answering testimony, to the affectionate tribute of Christian and fraternal love offered to his unsullied and consecrated life, his ministerial devotedness, his industry and integrity and piety; and that sincere tribute expressed our own assured conviction that he had indeed served his own generation according to the will of God. The sun of the Christian Sabbath is now shining for the first time upon his grave; but his living image is still fixed before our eyes, for we have not yet learned to realize that he has gone for ever from our mortal view.

The invitation which has so often and so recently been spoken to me from his now silent lips, to stand here in his place, has come from you, his bereaved parishioners. You have asked me here to-day as one who, a few years ago, stood in that relation with you, and who has since cherished in other ways feelings of sincere respect and love towards him who is now in the thoughts of all of us. Our pastor and our friend has left us: he is not found, because God has taken him. There is not one of you who deploras his loss more truly than does he who now addresses you.

I am indeed no stranger here; for many familiar and sacred associations line these walls and cluster beneath this roof for me. Nor is it now for the first time that shadows, substituted for once living forms,

here recall to me the dead. These pews before me are memorials of many of the loved and honored with whom I have shared the closest relations of life, and whose departure from the earth has taught me all that I can know of the solemnities and the sorrows of death till its summons shall call me to follow them. But little did it enter into my thoughts, when, eight weeks ago, I was standing here, that your pastor was then discharging his last public service in my pulpit, and that I should so soon be here again to speak of him as among the dead. But so it is ordered; and, being here, I will speak gratefully and sincerely of the departed. It may be that he too, unseen by us, will hear the words; but they shall not be words of extended eulogy, nor a dissection of character, nor yet words of criticism or judgment. No heart or skill have I for such tasks. Nor would they become my relations to him. A sincere and candid purpose shall dictate the utterance of such thoughts as come to my mind, in reviewing his life as a Christian minister under that apostolic description of a service of his own generation according to the will of God.

How various are the methods by which the activities of Christian ministers may be guided in the service of their own and of other generations, by labors spent upon the study of the works, the ways, and the will of God, and upon the application of his holy laws to human life! What a range for choice and the

adaptation of talents and preferences does that various work afford ! A list of the names of Christian ministers reared in one of our communities for a single century, connected with a full statement of the course of study or of action which each has pursued, would be a curious and an amazing catalogue of industrious, toilsome, devoted, and sacred tasks. The *variety* of them might at first impress us more forcibly than would the conviction that one spirit of Christian consecration had animated them all ; yet, if we ourselves brought a large and generous judgment to the contemplation of them, we should not fail to discern that same spirit by measure in each of them. Some are prompted by their Christian impulses to distant missionary service, in wild and dreary regions, to rude and barbarous men ; and, even when on such service, those devoted laborers will be guided, by natural tastes and capacities, to a division of their necessary work. One of them will wander as a preacher wherever a temple on a mountain-top, or a hut in a valley, will afford him the opportunity to confront a poor idolatry with the living truth of God ; another will become the teacher of a school for Pagan children ; and another will convert a spoken jargon into a written language, with alphabet and grammar, that he may help to undo the confusion at Babel by making the Bible speak in another divided tongue. Others, who have assumed the office of the Christian ministry, will find their work at home, but still not within the bounds of a

parish, nor to the occupants of the pews in one church; but in a wide, diffusive sphere, in labors of Christian devotion among the poor and abject, the neglected or debased, in the dark alleys or the squalid hiding-places of a great city. In all these missionary and philanthropic labors at home or abroad, it is chiefly the Christian *heart* that does the work. Those who seek to perform such service do not carry with them a library of books, but rather the sentiments and sympathies of unwritten Gospels. From these we turn to the quiet and stationary, the seemingly indolent manner of life of those who, as Christian scholars, linger in a college retirement for labors of the brain and mind; or, even in city or country parsonages, give themselves to the languages in which old truth and error are written, or to search the secret wisdom of nature in the rocks, in insects, birds, sea-shells, or stars, or in the antiquities of time; to find sermons in stones; to compose primers for children; to make a dictionary; to illustrate an old chronicle; or to record the aspects of the changing skies, as they symbolize the alternations of mortal life on the earth. Mingled from all the diversities of taste and temperament and capacity and aptitude among men, and distributed according to the depth, the intensity, the current, and the communicativeness of their sympathies, have been the methods for serving man which the Gospel has divided among its ministers. Their names stand connected with a greater variety of sacred

and useful labors of mind and heart and hand than do those of any other class of men. That there have been trivial, unprofitable, indolent, and worse than indolent, individuals among them, we may allow with equal frankness and regret. But the sum of various good wrought by them has been great, and has resulted in a diversity of blessings.


In view of this wide range of needful and approved labors in the service of man, it would indeed be difficult to define a true ideal or to propose a model for a Christian minister. It pleases us to find, that the great Apostle, in the first generation of those to whose earthen vessels the Gospel treasure was entrusted, anticipated just what experience testifies to of this variety of services, and this adaptation of gifts, as divided by the Spirit of God among the disciples and ministers of his Son. All such are accepted as find the quickening, consecrating impulse of duty in the Gospel; all who feel the spirit of Christ, and who devote, — for that is the word, — who *devote* their energies, their time, their heart's love, their zeal, enthusiasm, and life, to any good work. Yet still there is a standard of duty, and a test of faithfulness to it, in all this variety of methods and gifts. For, when the sphere of service has been chosen, and the form of it adapted to capacities bestowed by God and to opportunities afforded by life and men, then responsibility fastens its iron bonds; the steward of God has opened his account with his Maker, and “it is required in stewards that a man be

found faithful." There are various modes of Christian service; but all of them require diligence and zeal, devotion and love, a spiritual impulse, and a consecration of life. No selfish end, no earthly purpose, will meet its high conditions; no sluggish, self-indulgent man has part in the real tasks of that holy service.

The Gospel is given for the redemption and the salvation of the world; to reconcile the sinful, suffering, dying children of God to all his will, to prepare them for his judgment, to deliver them from the power of sin, and to train them for the life to come. The world's virtue, peace, and hope are committed to this Gospel. The iniquities and wrongs which fester in society; the crimes and errors which poison the springs of human life; the plague that is in every heart; the sorrows that brood over every dwelling, — have no other agency to meet them, to minister to them, to resist them, but the Gospel of Christ. And when one has assumed its sacred office and the church and the Bible and the Lord's day give him his three great instruments of power, and men, women, and children wait upon his lips, and homes, under all the vicissitudes of life, are open to him, and all the delicate sincerities and all the potent sympathies of the human heart will yield to answering elements in him, — then the solemnities of an unspeakable accountability are upon the minister. No human tests or measurements can apportion it to him. But God, who has put him in trust of the Gospel, will mark his course;

will judge him according to his gifts, according to the purpose that was in his heart, according to the spirit and zeal of his labors, and not, as we judge, by results. Fasten, my friends, upon your ministers, while they live, the loftiest claims upon their duty and service which the Gospel preached by them imposes in its every sentence. It does us good, and not harm; it rouses, but does not dishearten us, to be held, while we live, to the fulness of our Christian obligation. But, as we cease from our labors, and are receiving judgment from on high, forgive, if you can, our failings, and put the highest estimate that gratitude will prompt upon purposes that may have been better than our deeds.

Not because he, whose labors long continued here have just been closed, has need, beyond the most faithful and devoted among his brethren, of your gentle or forbearing judgment; not because he lacked great gifts, or greatly failed of their best use, — have I reminded you of the variety of Christian tasks, of the conditions which alone can consecrate them, and of the kindly retrospect of their work which the dead may ask of the living. Our departed friend had high and valuable gifts, a clear, discerning mind, treasured acquisitions, a well-balanced judgment, a devoted love of truth, and a skill and patience to search for it. He had a most honest heart, and he had an exalted standard of duty. You have listened to lessons from his lips, which were the fruits of



matured study, of toilsome investigation, and of solid wisdom. The great Gospel themes of morality and piety, wrought in with the experience of life, and pointed by the occasions of a living, struggling world that was passing before him, made the substance of his preaching. No heated fervors, no wild fancies, no reckless ventures, either of feeling, theory, or thought, can be charged upon him. A steady, constant, and unvarying method of influence, through well-considered doctrines and established usages and consistency of life, was what he aimed to pursue; and his aim, faithfully striven for, was fully attained.

My own memory in boyhood takes in the day and hour on which his letter accepting the pastoral care here was read from this pulpit. What I have not since personally seen or witnessed of his relations to you, and of some of his experiences among you, I have had other means of learning. All the circumstances and usages which attended the opening of his ministry were conformed to a condition of things that has yielded to the steady progress and vicissitudes of mortal life. What a company was then gathered within these walls, of those who bore high honors, and filled large places, and shared great possessions, in this community! How have they been selected, one by one, chiefly during the last score of years, and added to the congregation of the dead! Change, change, — that is the lesson which it seems to me is above all others written here, even in the space of

twenty or thirty years ; change in persons and things, and also in some of the methods and usages which are associated with the ministrations of religion. Then there was scarcely a vacant seat within these walls, during the services of either part of the day. The parents were here ; and, where the parents came to worship, their children came also. This high pulpit, lifted so far above the heads and hearts of the worshippers, raising the minister too high at least for the earthly realities of his office, made him a wonderment, a distant, unreal being to children. Perhaps even so seemingly trifling a thing as this may have had its influence in fixing that distance of sympathy between the young and their minister which many ministers and parents have regretted, and which was not triumphed over in the experience of your last two pastors. No chandeliers or lamps have ever hung around these walls ; no vestry or lecture-room has ever been connected with this church. Its very aspect intimates to us, by these significant tokens, what changes have passed over the ministrations of religion among us. They remind us how very recent is the date since evening lectures and Sunday-schools have entered into the dispensation of the Gospel in this city. They tell us, that, a little while ago, the two daylight services of the Lord's day, with those of Fast and Thanksgiving, were the only seasons of public worship ; and that children then received their religious instruction from their parents.

Dr. Young's views concerning the best methods and offices of religious ministration were doubtless derived from or conformed to the usages which he found to prevail on the opening of his ministry. Our knowledge of him assures us, that, on all such matters, he would form a deliberate opinion from facts clearly presented to his mind, from facts as they then were; and whether we consider it as certain that he would most pliantly and readily change his opinion and his course, as new facts or altered circumstances presented themselves, is a decision which I preclude to myself, and leave, as he left it, to you who knew him so well. But his fixed opinion seems to have been, that the theory of our Protestant ministrations of religion required the hallowing of the Sabbath, the assembling of all the members of a parish twice during the daylight of that Sabbath, and that parents should be the religious teachers of their own children. He believed that multiplied religious services on evenings or week-days would detract from, or cause some rivalry or interference with, those of Sunday; that, if the Sunday were well employed, it would be sufficient for the uses of public worship, religious instruction and edification, and that it ought to be the only occasion for such uses to be sure of its deserved regard. He thought, too, that parents would generally be the wisest, the kindest, and the most successful teachers of the truths of the Gospel to their own children, and should be made to feel it a duty and a pleasure

so to be, without being lured from it by the offers of a Sunday-school. While he did not question the ideal conception of the good that a Sunday-school, under the most favorable auspices, might effect, *he feared* that the ideal would not be realized; that the promise of such a school might diminish the sense of responsibility in parents in a solemn duty of their own; and he thought that the risks of incompetency in teachers, of the opening of questions too deep to be solved and often glossed over by scepticism, and, above all, the risk that the head might be trained, rather than the heart engaged, would be grave difficulties in the way. The abundance and cheapness of books, of which he was himself so fond, seemed to him to furnish resources for elucidating the Scriptures and conveying incidental religious knowledge at home, that might be turned by parents to a more profitable purpose than is realized in most families. Yet he entered cheerfully into the measures for establishing a Sunday-school here, and he found valuable assistance to encourage him. The Sunday-school connected with this Society has been in operation for the last twenty years. Your pastor sought to advance its prosperity by such efforts on his own part as he thought to be wisely directed for its good. Recently he himself has taken the superintendence of it. He came to perform his usual service for it on the morning of the day to which I have just referred, as being the last on which he officiated in a pulpit.

Your children heard his last words in this church. It is well known to us, however, that the heartiest exertions of your pastor went with those regular, established weekly ministrations of the pulpit and that daily pastoral intercourse which venerable usage had consecrated among us. Indeed, the very same measures and methods which some persons regard as essential means and as positive tokens of an awakened religious earnestness, were to him of very dubious value at least, if not positive evidences of the lack of the true religious spirit, which lives, not by temporary devices, but from a fount within the heart.

Were we subjecting the views and opinions of our departed friend to a critical examination, in order to pronounce upon their relative value and experimental soundness, we might raise many questions here. But such is not our employment now over his fresh grave and his honored memory. It is enough to remind ourselves, that his views, and those which differently interpret the duties and methods of the ministry, are open to the tests of time and experience among scenes and individuals, to which we may all put what questions we please.


Quite early in the ministry of Dr. Young, the return from abroad, in restored health, of that beloved and almost apostolic minister who had resigned this pulpit as if in hopeless disease, and who was soon settled over another church, induced several prominent families to leave this society that they might follow him.

Their departure opened in this church vacant spaces, which death has since continually enlarged. It was certainly at the time a trial to our pastor, and one that must have touched him where silence alone could soothe his feelings. That experience may also have had a permanent effect upon his whole ministry. For the enthusiasm of feeling, on which a young minister must live, and which, according as it is met by others, does so much to decide his future experience for him, must be checked by such a trial, while public repute may also interpret unfairly as a disesteem for one what is only fond esteem for another. The first years of the labors of a minister, while he is still in training for his work, and while his aims are forming, may lead him to fashion his purpose as to what he will do or will try to do for others, according to the attitude of their hearts and the opening or the closing of their sympathies towards him. There may have been cases in which a minister has been induced to train his feelings into reserve, or even to assume the show of indifference, lest he should suffer from nerves too often wounded. How much the members of a society may do *to make* the minister what he grows *to be*, is a question which it might be vain to attempt to decide; but facts from many witnesses would offer some testimony out of the depths of human hearts to aid an inquisitive dealer with that question.

Our pastor was familiar with both those elements of a Christian's training, — the experiences which

cloud and those which cheer the heart. He lost valued parishioners by their removals from this city or from this neighborhood. Those streets at my left hand, reaching over the rising ground almost down to the water-margin, have ceased within a score of years to be occupied by the fair and quiet homes of many of those who once worshipped here, and are, for the most part, given up to trade and a foreign population. Some few have left our pastor, in the course of his ministry, to worship and be edified elsewhere. But death, that steady dealer with the selected fellowships as well as with the family circles of our race, has gathered gleanings here which have grown to an amazing harvest. Judges and magistrates, scholars and philosophers, merchants and professional men, with wives and mothers honored for faith and goodness, have been called one by one from the worship of this temple to that of the heavenly temple.


Grateful, I know, are the emotions which swell in the hearts of those among you, my hearers, who have retained your relation to your late pastor through his whole ministry. How precious and dear to him was your constancy! And did he not well repay it? Were not the bonds of sincere attachment, which long years and many changes had woven between you, very, very strong, and very constraining, where they fastened upon his heart? He knew and he prized your steadiness and fidelity. No one of his brethren had more kindly or touching or costly tokens



of strong regard, or more sincere returns for religious sympathy and help, than he rejoiced over. That well-selected library of his, which embraced only the very best books, and so large a number of them, in the finest editions, and in a scholarly arrangement, contains many tokens of your knowledge of his fine tastes, and of your kindness in supplying them. And when he spoke of any gift which he had received, he was wont to name with it the donor, as if the gift and the giver were two mediums of touching in various ways his most grateful emotions. He certainly did not outlive his friends, as we saw during the observance of his obsequies, and as we see around us here and now.


A prevailing impression as to the manners, the address, and the bearing of our departed friend is that they were distant and reserved, and especially not winning to the young, as lacking those ductile graces and felicities which so attract and please. Those means of influence have indeed a delightful and a potent sway, wherever they are naturally possessed or sedulously cultivated, or even honestly assumed. Over some temperaments they are more effective than words of wisdom or the evidence of a thoroughly consistent character. An enthusiastic, hearty, spontaneous warmth of feeling and fluency of speech have been the sole professional qualifications of some of the most successful and popular ministers. These qualities are not powerless over the

mature in life, but their triumphs are over the young and the susceptible. The young so soon become the old, the children of a parish accede so quickly to the places of their parents, that, if the minister does not attach them to him in their early years, he is apt to miss their presence or their sympathy as he advances in life. It is one of the exacting and often painful conditions attendant upon our methods and institutions of religion, that so much of all the prosperity, welfare, and enthusiasm of a church and society should depend upon the personal gifts, the tone, the looks, the style, and social manners of the minister, independently of his attainments or real worth. We have noticed the effects of this personality in the ministry in some churches in this city, where, within the life-time of a generation, the price of a pew has ranged over a scale of valuations more extreme and capricious than that of any other article of property. Fashion, too, has here its mighty sway, to some persons irresistible, even in reference to that most solemn theme whose text is that "the fashion of this world passeth away." But something more reasonable than fashion is to be recognized in these popular judgments upon Christian ministers. The office demands earnestness, unction, a living, hearty interest in theme and tone, in the pulpit and in the dwelling. The elements of these great and powerful means of religious impression are originally the peculiar gifts of God to individuals; but the ministerial office should certainly do




something towards their inspiration or their culture. If in reality, or only in appearance, they are wanting, the deficiency is a costly one.

For so it is, that the smallest measurement of intellectual power, of theological learning, of argumentative skill, if helped out and quickened by an earnest, fervid zeal, and a warmth of utterance, will win and retain a multitude; while the profoundest attainments of the mind, and the most solid virtues of heart and character, if the eloquence of earnestness or pathos be wanting, however honored elsewhere, will count no pulpit triumphs. The learned and honored Dr. Lardner elaborated in his study a work of profound research and of universal credit, as the great basis and bulwark of the Gospel evidence; but it is recorded that it was a positive endurance, an effort for wakefulness, to listen to him when in the pulpit, or even in a private room, unless the listener were also a Christian scholar. For meagreness of thought and poverty of mental material, the sermons of Whitefield have an unquestioned verdict; but how would he sway the thousands who hung upon his spoken words! And as we recall, with our longer or shorter memories, some of the hundred of our own preachers who have died during the last half-century, how well can we apportion their influence in life to their graces of speech and demeanor, while their influence after death may depend wholly upon the solid weight and worth of their written words! It is even



so. We may marvel that tone and address, and superficial gifts, and impulsive fervors, and fluency of speech, and gracious manners, should do with multitudes what sterling and rugged virtues and well-considered wisdom given in ineloquent speech attempt in vain. We may say that the prevalence of these lesser gifts over the multitude proves that they are led by their weaker rather than by their nobler instincts. But the fact is older than we are, and it will long outlive us. We cannot alter, in this respect, the test of popular favoritism towards Christian ministers. Those whose success it has in its decision must yield to it as it lifts or levels them.

Some of us here present would not, from our own personal experience, be moved to say of our late pastor that he was signally deficient in any attractive grace which wins esteem and confidence. If he ever were so to us, we may have forgotten it in the closer intercourse or the maturer judgments of advancing years; or we may have learned to put the solid and the substantial above all other conditions, in measuring our regard for that honest and sincere man. We can all of us understand, however, that, as he took little pains to win a popular reputation, and made no show of emotions, and maintained his independence and self-reliance with a look not always bland, and with a tone not always smooth,—we can all of us understand why it was that some might think him to be what we know that he was not. Sensibilities as



tender and sincere and ardent as ever nestled in the breast of the gentlest of human kind were in his heart. A strength of affection, a loyalty of friendship, an alacrity in kindness, a perseverance, year after year in the same offices of Christian service, —how are all those noble qualities of his inscribed upon our memories now! He loved the birds of the air, the flowers of the field, the summer breezes of the country and the sea-shore, the forest robes of autumn. He loved the prattle and the joy of childhood; he loved music, painting, sweet poetry, and all the sincere and eloquent utterances of humanity. He loved to retain the friendships of early days, and to keep them green. He loved to transfer to the widow and the fatherless the tender sympathy or respect or fellowship which he had previously shared with those of whom they had been bereaved. He that loveth these things lacks not sensibility. Perhaps some to whom he did not come as near as they may have wished, did not go near enough to him, did not invite his interest, or seek his sympathy, or give him the power to serve them. For he certainly did not obtrude himself; he was not free in manifestations, and he had his thought about the duty of others toward him.

He had his share in the trials which God appoints, and in those which we are the instruments of inflicting on each other. And he bore them patiently, submissively, in secret, for the most part, and as a

Christian should bear. Bereavement planted its sorrows in his heart, and submission conformed him to the will of God. He shared in the trials which are peculiar to ministers; but how seldom did he make known the burden of them! I can recall but two instances in which he made even distant reference to them. One such reference dwells vividly upon my mind, because he spoke feelingly, in behalf of his brethren, a lesson which he had learned by himself. His words were to this effect, — that some persons did not seem to realize that the very tenderness of feeling which they wished a minister to possess, that he might touch their hearts and share their sorrows, subjected him to a keener sense of every slight or wound which they caused him to bear.


As we now contemplate the whole impression from his life and character left upon us, how truthfully, and with the consenting testimony of heart and judgment, may we commend him for what he was and for what he did! He was an honest, an accomplished, and upright man, a thorough scholar, a devoted minister, a sincere and consistent Christian. He was a man of solid attainments, of accurate learning, of various culture, methodical, diligent, and punctual as to employment and time. There was in him a thorough and unswerving integrity in word and deed, in profession and practice. That very honesty of his was in part the explanation of his refusal to assume or compromise, or even to conciliate, in matters of feeling

where he thought truth was involved. He had an exquisitely cultivated taste in literature, and he could turn to the richest gems and the soundest sentiments which it has gathered in its classic repositories. He did not give himself to the imagination in his own mental exercises, nor did he seek to adorn his style or to make his rhetoric sparkle with the gleams of fancy or the dainty conceits of a poetic prose. He loved the intelligible, the positive, the practical truth. His dignity of demeanor covered the play of a most companionable gayety of spirit when the occasion suited. He found the material of rich humor and of sportive pleasantry in things that had no sanctity to be trifled with, no connection with feelings that might be wounded. Of late years, he was most deeply interested on the side of liberty and humanity, in the issues which have threatened to make them secondary to *any thing* beside them. And when so conservative a man as he was comes to be numbered with agitators, we may well ask if liberty and humanity have not really been at risk. I honored him, as for other qualities, so for his earnest and righteous feeling in that matter.

The suggestion has more than once presented itself to my own mind, that, if Dr. Young had found, in his study of the Scriptures and of the early records of the Christian church, good reasons for conscientiously accepting the doctrine and practice of Episcopacy, his sterling virtues, his dignity, his scholarship, his meth-

odical ways, his purity of character, and his exemplary life, would have fitted him as a Bishop to rank with the most honored and famous men that have filled the dignity in either hemisphere. But he found another doctrine and a simpler theory in the Scriptures and in antiquity, and he was content to bear the honors of a faithful pastor to a Congregational church.

In that ever-fluctuating course of thought which engages those who think and those who teach, and which, from one period to another, presents an old subject under a new phase or method of discussion, the point of paramount interest among us of late years has been the historical basis of Christian faith. Have we in the Gospel an authoritative, infallible, and supernatural communication from God to his children on the earth? Is this Gospel from heaven, or of men? *Was* Jesus Christ a man among men, eminent only in spiritual discernment, in religious wisdom, and in moral excellence? or *is* he the Anointed of God, the Divine Redeemer? That issue was regarded by your late minister as suspending the world's virtue, hope, and faith. With an intense and unwavering conviction he held to the divine mission of Jesus Christ, confirmed by miracles, illustrated by inspired teachings, and made essential to us by our spiritual needs and by the imperfection and insufficiency of all earthly dependence. From that sacred central truth of Christ, the beloved Son of God, the Saviour of men, your minister gathered the themes of



his carefully-written discourses. He loved the Sunday services, with one of those themes to consecrate them. But, most of all, he loved the Christian ordinances. On your hearts, brethren and sisters of this Christian church, as on mine, are some sweet and precious impressions of our pastor's ministrations at the Lord's Supper, when he connected such earnest prayers and such holy lessons with those dumb elements, and brought us to feel through them the love of Christ our Saviour. If the Discourses of that sound and well-grounded teacher shall ever appear in print, they will do to many generations some of the sacred service which he did to his own. And to you, who, in seasons of affliction, have been soothed by his sincere ministry in the chamber and by the bier, the tones of the preacher and the pastor will linger in echoes of your hearts till thought and life shall fail you.*

It was under circumstances such as our departed friend would have himself dictated or chosen that he was permitted to meet the change appointed for all the living. It was in his own pleasant home, — in a chamber, from which, had the light of day been shining, he could have looked upon this cherished temple; with the dearest and closest of all earthly

* The entries made by the Rev. Dr. Young upon the records of the New South Church, during his ministry, give the names of one hundred and seventy persons who were admitted to the communion of the church; of three hundred and forty-nine children and adults, who were baptized by him; of two hundred and forty-nine couples by him united in marriage; and of four hundred and seventy-five individuals who died while under his pastoral care, and at whose funerals he officiated.

companions to fill the last vision of his closing eyes ; and with one more condition,—he died as pastor of this religious society. It would have been a grief to him had not that title of Pastor, and of this church only, but of this, been his when his days on earth should end. He who so fondly loved and so diligently studied the religious annals of this community and of this city, has secured for himself an honored record upon them of a faithful ministry, closing with his parting breath.

One other condition we could have desired for ourselves that it might have been fulfilled. Some few words,—the last, the best, burdened with life's right interpretation, with the heart's fullest feeling, with the spirit's highest hope,—would that such words might have been given to us on that parting breath ! Too often in life were those lips silent when we would have gladly listened to their utterance, and when wisdom and kindness would surely have gone out with their speech. But the habit of his life in that respect prevailed with him in death, either consciously or through the influence of mortal disease. We have his last words to each of us, whatever they were ; and we shall cherish them among our grateful memories of a loved and honored minister of Christ. He had served his own generation according to the will of God, and he has fallen on sleep : —

“Asleep in Jesus ! Blessed sleep !
From which none ever wake to weep.”

He was borne for burial by the halls of that venerable College, of which he had been in youth a distinguished graduate, and which, through all his life, he served in various ways, that he might manifest for it his steady interest and love.

In that garden sepulchre, the sacred garner of dust precious to so many of us, he has found a grave beneath the sod where he had often stood to meditate the appointed lot of man, and of the children of men. Four sleeping forms from his own household received him there, to renew in death the fellowship that had been parted in life. How sincerely may those who are left in his household stand beside those graves, and repeat the beautiful words of the Apostle, — “The family in heaven and on earth”!

I will yield, for a moment, to the promptings of affectionate friendship touched by the tender emotions of a sorrow fresh and deep. You have lost a faithful pastor, an honored religious teacher, an endeared and cherished friend. *Friend*, that is the most precious, the most real word of them all; and it brings me nearest to you in your sorrow and sympathy. He was to me a friend, confided in and beloved. In the days that have passed since we called him dead, feelings which have not yet become memories, and which I dread to have become *merely* memories, have been continually reminding me in how many of the scenes and interests and delights and duties of life we had a mutual share. I have missed him in learning to

mourn him. I have mourned him in learning to miss him. I pass the places where I have been wont to meet him; and the thought that I shall not see him there changes the place, but does not change him. I wait as if I should hear him, and the silence seems to inflict a pain. I shall miss him till I could not see him if he were near me, or till I see him again.

Farewell, kind and good brother of our earthly fellowship! We have lost thine ever-welcome presence, thy genial sympathy, thy truthful friendship, thy pleasant and thine earnest words of wisdom, thy Christian gentleness, and thy Christian energy! Thou hadst a warm place in our affections in life. Thou hast it still in death, and a more sacred place in our hopes.

“I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.”

A P P E N D I X.

DR. YOUNG served for several years as an efficient and faithful member of the School Committee in Boston. His own former positions, as a distinguished pupil and an accomplished and beloved teacher in the noble educational institutions of his birthplace, gave him the experience which was a most valuable qualification for the oversight of those institutions. He took a great interest in the formation of the "Boston Latin School Association," which was organized by its alumni in 1844, for the purpose of bringing them together occasionally, to enlist their continued affection in the welfare of that noble school, by gathering up its history from the past, and by providing it with an elegant classical apparatus in books, casts, engravings, and other works of art. Of this Association Dr. Young was elected Vice-President; his own former instructor, Benjamin Apthorp Gould, being its President.

Dr. Young was elected a member of the Honorable and Reverend Board of Overseers of Harvard College in the year 1837. On the decease of the Rev. Dr. Peirce of Brookline, in the year 1849, Dr. Young was chosen his successor as Secretary of the Board. An Act, passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1851, annulled the statute previously in force, by which Christian ministers were recognized as entitled to places in the Board of Overseers;

and the same Act fixed a period for terminating the official relation of the fifteen ministers and the fifteen laymen who then constituted the permanent portion of the Board. They were to go out by tens, during three successive years, the vacancies being supplied by the Legislature. The classification being made by seniority of membership, Dr. Young went out with the second ten in 1853. In justice to the opinions which he freely expressed, and which were indicated by his negative vote on the question of ratifying the Legislative Act, it ought to be mentioned that he strongly disapproved of the change, and regarded it as prejudicial to the interests of the College. Many members of the Board urged him still to retain his office of Secretary; but his own judgment and sense of dignity led him to resign it.

At the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers, in May, 1853, Dr. Young was chosen Second Preacher for 1854, for which service he would have been the substitute of President Hitchcock for the delivery of the Convention Sermon the present year, or would have been entitled to the pulpit in 1855. Into that honorable service he would have thrown his best strength; nor would he have fallen below its high expectations.

Dr. Young was one of the thirty corporate members of the "Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society;" a member of the "Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America;" a Director of the "Society for Promoting Theological Education;" President of the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Piety, and Charity;" and Recording Secretary of the "Massachusetts Historical Society."

It should be gratefully recorded of him as the incumbent of so many responsible offices, most of which required time, thought, and labor, that he was conscientiously faithful to

their duties. He was punctual in his attendance upon all business meetings; he gave a careful ear and a clear, single-hearted interest to all the discussions of plans and measures, and discharged with alacrity the tasks which were committed to him. He was often made the medium of kindly offices and benevolent deeds between two parties, frequently unknown to each other; and he loved to note the surprises and to witness the gratitude which such mediations revealed to him.

The following is believed to be a correct list of Dr. Young's publications in pamphlet form:—

1. A Sermon at the Ordination of the Rev. James W. Thompson, at Natick, February 17, 1830.
2. An Address at the Ordination of the Rev. William Newell, at Cambridge, May 19, 1830.
3. A Pamphlet entitled, *Evangelical Unitarianism adapted to the Poor and Unlearned*. 1830.
4. A Discourse on the Sins of the Tongue. 1829. Third edition, 1845.
5. A Discourse occasioned by the Death of William Parsons. March 26, 1837.
6. A Discourse on the Life and Character of the Hon. Nathaniel Bowditch. March 25, 1838.
7. A Sermon at the Ordination of the Rev. George E. Ellis, at Charlestown, March 11, 1840.
8. A Discourse on the Life and Character of the Rev. John Thornton Kirkland. May 3, 1840.
9. A Discourse occasioned by the Death of the Hon. William Prescott. Dec. 15, 1844.
10. A Discourse on the Twentieth Anniversary of his Ordination. January 19, 1845.
11. The Dudleian Lecture. May 13, 1846. [Published also in the *Christian Examiner*.]
12. A Discourse occasioned by the Death of Benjamin Rich. June 8, 1851.
13. A Discourse occasioned by the Death of Mrs. Catharine G. Prescott. May 23, 1852.

In the year 1829, Dr. Young undertook to edit a series of volumes embracing selections from the old English Prose Writers. The series was completed by the publication, in 1833, of the ninth volume; and it gave circulation to works by Jeremy Taylor, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Thomas More, Sir Thomas Brown, Walton, Selden, Feltham, &c. which have helped, in their measure, to excite the literary taste that has extended itself to such a remarkable degree among us of late years. This series has long been classed with "rare books," and the volumes are sought for in vain.

"The Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth, from 1602 to 1625; now first collected from original Records and contemporaneous Documents, and illustrated with Notes,"—is the title of a volume which Dr. Young put forth in 1841. A second edition was published in 1844, and a third is called for, as the book-market cannot supply a single copy in answer to the demand.

The publication of this work on the elder New-England Colony was followed in 1846 by that of another volume, entitled "Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, from 1623 to 1636; now first collected from original Records and contemporaneous Manuscripts, and illustrated with Notes."

The peculiar value of these two works attaches to the fact that they contain the authentic writings of those revered and devoted men who laid the beginnings of our civil and religious institutions in the wilderness. All the papers are copiously illustrated by notes, which caused the editor an amount of careful labor such as few readers of the inviting page will be able to appreciate.

EXTRACT FROM A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED BY THE

REV. GEORGE W. BURNAP, D.D., OF BALTIMORE.

At the conclusion of his sermon on Sunday morning, March 19, Dr. Burnap paid the following beautiful and affectionate tribute to the eminent virtues of Dr. Young:—

“Since we were last here, an impressive warning has come to us of the uncertainty of life, and of the absolute necessity of an habitual preparation to quit the scenes of time and enter on those of eternity. Another of that company of preachers, who, a little more than a year ago, cheered us with their presence, and edified us with their words of wisdom and piety, has departed this life. Parkman, Judd, Larnard, who, day after day, sat at the same table, have all passed from this mortal life within a few months. Two of them you heard the same day from this desk. Now Young has suddenly followed, one of the three appointed preachers on that occasion.* Their voices are still ringing in your ears, their persons are still fresh in your memories. Within the last twelve years, the hand of death has been laid heavily on our little band. More than fifty have passed away from the ministry of our small denomination. Among them have been some of the brightest lights of the church universal; men whose gifts of genius and whose depths of learning have constituted an era in the history of Christianity.

“Now another has been called away, as remarkable for his weight of character, his moral courage, his solid wisdom, his practical sense. Such he appeared to the world. To such as knew him intimately, there was another side to his character. Beneath that somewhat sturdy exterior, there dwelt the very soul of honor, and a heart of the tenderest sensibility. At our last autumnal convention, that gifted person to whom you listened last sabbath was

* The Autumnal Unitarian Convention, held in Baltimore in October, 1852.

invited to be present ; and, when he arose to address the assembly, among all the hearts that throbbed under the touches of pathos to which we listened, there was none which gave itself up to a more generous enthusiasm than his that has so lately ceased to beat, and none who extended to the interesting stranger a more overflowing hospitality.

“ Dr. Young had the first mark of human excellence : he was a man who could be depended on. He had a solid understanding, which could not be misled, and an integrity of purpose which prompted him ever to do the thing that was right. He was a sound theologian and a finished classical scholar ; and he presented a striking contrast to the superficiality, which, I am sorry to add, is now too commonly thought sufficient for the functions of a Christian minister. He devoted more than a quarter of a century to the promotion of what, in my judgment, constitutes the most important religious movement which has occurred since the Reformation.

“ I have lost one of my most valued personal friends. His intercourse with me has been a series of kind offices, literary, personal, and Christian. He was the last of the brethren of whom I took leave when I came to this distant and solitary field of duty, and always the first to welcome me when I returned to the Jerusalem of our common faith. Since the full and explicit statement of what we believe to be the doctrines of the gospel in this church five and thirty years ago, we have had, like other Christian bodies, our disasters and our troubles, as well as our successes. We have been disturbed by latitudinarian speculations and pusillanimous panics, both equally injurious and humiliating to our cause. No man has stood up against them both more manfully than our departed friend. His scholarship was so thorough, his understanding so clear, and his mind so well-disciplined, that no sceptical argument could shake his faith, and no regard for authority or timid conservatism led him to confound with the gospel those speculations which ages of darkness and superstition have accumulated about it. The gospel, if it can stand at all in this land of liberty, and in this age of free inquiry, will stand upon the basis on which it has been placed by Channing and Norton, by Ware and Greenwood and Young.”

L I N E S

IN MEMORY OF REV. ALEXANDER YOUNG, D.D.

Minister of the New South Society in Boston, who died March 16, 1854; written by "A Classmate," and published in the Christian Register of March 25.

As to our eye, just past the day's fair noon,
 When graceful cloud-wreaths glide o'er skies serene,
 The sun oft hides his dazzling beams too soon,
 And nothing but his misty shroud is seen,—

While Faith, still solaced by a softer light,
 Is sure that not a single beam is lost;
 And though the fading blacken into night,
 Those beams no power can quench, no space exhaust:

So 'neath the pall — the drapery of death —
 It sees a noble mind in deep repose;
 Now resting where the zephyr moves no breath,
 And silent on the themes the heavens disclose.

Lover of God and Christ — of truth and peace —
 Of all sublime or quaint in ancient lore —
 Of sweetness in bright childhood's fair increase —
 Of bland old age, when power can move no more!

Thy vision ne'er can rise in solemn form
 To those who knew and loved thee well in youth,
 Who shared thy toils, and found thy friendship warm,
 Without assurance of its genuine truth.

Lo! now angelic forms around thee shine,
 Kindred in genius, holiness, and love,
 To guide a brother through the realms divine
 Up to the portals of the blest above.

Hearts touched by words that grief alone can weigh,
 No more on thee for sympathy will lean;
 The guardian shepherd moves far up the way,
 Where all is holy, beautiful, serene, —

Where God, the Father, gives a crown of joy
 And robes of glory to his chosen ones —
 Those who have spoken for truth without alloy,
 And striven to make wise sires and worthier sons.

Thy work is done — well done ; but thy fair name,
 Coupled with learning, friendship, worth, and power,
 Needs not the questioned elements of fame,
 To be to man a high-set beacon-tower.

Thou didst appreciate and feel the weight
 Of duty in the teacher's sacred charge ;
 Thou didst hold up a standard firm as great,
 And seek the listener's heart and faith to enlarge.

Be it our aim supreme to walk as well
 As thou hast, in the right and heavenly way ;
 Where welcome follows quick the grieved "Farewell !"
 And night is changed to bright, eternal day.

Order of Services

AT THE

FUNERAL OF REV. ALEXANDER YOUNG, D.D.

MARCH 20, 1854.

1. VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN.
2. CHAUNT.
3. READING OF SCRIPTURES, BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.
4. PRAYER, BY REV. SAMUEL K. LOTHROP, D.D.
5. HYMN.
6. SERMON, BY REV. EZRA S. GANNETT, D.D.
7. PRAYER, BY REV. GEORGE W. BLAGDEN, D.D.
8. BENEDICTION.



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